THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MONSTERS APPEAR IN...

THE HOUSE OF HAMMER

EXORCIST TWO
THE HERETIC
THE GORCONE
-told in comics

WELCOME TO BLOOD CITY
WITCHFINDER GENERAL

PLUS LOTS MORE FROM THE WORLD'S TOP HORROR ARTISTS AND WRITERS
This issue heralds the concluding part of our illustrated adaptation of Hammer Films’ THE GORGON, featuring Barbara Shelley as the title monster (thanks to Roy Ashton’s make-up mastery!). See page 5.
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To round off HoH Volume One, a special index of all our featured content over the last seventeen months.
And so we reach issue 12, the end of volume one! It took us eighteen months to get here, but thanks to your terrific support and response, you can now look forward to seeing HoH continue to appear on your newstands every month, keeping you in touch with the fabulous world of film fantasy.

As you may have noticed last month, we’ve had so much news flooding in on upcoming films that we had to cut our Hammer illustrated adaptation of The Gorgon in half, and run it across two issues. But fear not, this isn’t regular policy, even though we’re racing through the Hammer film archives at such a pace, we’ll soon be forced to adapt Mutiny on the Buses.

This issue sees the first appearance of our newest team member—writer/artist, Steve Parkhouse, with his unique story of Japanese demon-slaying. As ever, we look forward to your opinions.

Also this issue, we’ve a couple of scoop features for you. In the recent months, we’ve been keeping you up-to-date on forthcoming fantasy “biggies”. We’ve now got the full story of two of them . . . Exorcist 2: The Heretic and Welcome to Blood City.

Plus, as a few letters have been condemning us for totally ignoring Vincent Price to date, we’re taking a look back at one of his top pictures . . . Witchfinder General.

You can be sure that in future months, we’ll be giving you more pages on the prolific Mr. P., kicking off with his Corman/Poe series.

Next issue, in answer to all the requests we’ve had, we’ll be giving the full details on how to obtain your custom-made binders for House of Hammer back issues. As we’ve reached the end of our first volume, it seems appropriate timing.

Tied in with the binder idea, we have used the last two pages of this issue as a complete index of the content of HoH 1–12. So, whenever you want to refer back to one of our reviews, features, interviews, or whatever, instead of wading through over 600 pages of type and illustration, you need only cast a quick look down the index.

By way of my usual editorial wrap-up, here’s a brief rundown on next month’s content: The Plague of the Zombies, adapted by “Powerman” artist Brian Bolland and HoH regular, Trev Goring; Star Wars; Suspiria; Alucard; Zombies on Film; the new Godzilla film—War of the Monsters and our look back and interviews on Hammer’s Fanatic (Die, Die, My Darling).

See you in thirty.

Editor.
THE STORY SO FAR — (FOR THOSE WHO MISSED HEITZ!)

THE CASTLE BORSCH! SILENT, SINISTER AND IN RUINS, IT STANDS LIKE A TEMPLE OF EVIL ABOVE THE CARRIONISH VILLAGE OF VINGOOD. INSIDE HER WALLS LURKS A MONSTER FROM THE DROWN OF TIME. WAITING ONLY FOR HER NEXT VICTIM, FOR THIS IS THE HOME OF...

The Gorgon

THE NEXT DAY A BODY IS FOUND, AND TOWNS TO THE LABORATORY OF DR. NURMOROFF. IN THE COMPANY OF INSPECTOR KNOFF, HE DISCOVERS...

PETRIFIED! IT'S LIKE THE OTHERS, KNOFF. SHE'S BEEN TURNED TO STONE!

DISCOVERING THE DEAD GIRL'S FIANCÉ HAS DISAPPEARED, KNOFF QUICKLY ORGANISES A SEARCH...

THE DOGS HAVE PICKED UP A SCENT! TURN THEM LOOSE!

WE ARE GETTING TOO CLOSE TO THE CASTLE BORSCH! FOR MY LIVING, SIR, I'M SCARED... AND I DON'T MIND ADMITTING IT!

ONE WEEK LATER, AT THE COURT OF INQUIRY, HEITZ'S FATHER SUDDENLY SHOUTS IN PROTEST...

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! YOU ARE TRYING TO FRAME MY SON... MAKE HIM A SCARPERGATE!

I THEREFORE FIND THAT THE DEAD WOMAN WAS MURDERED BY HER FIANCÉ, BRUNO HEITZ... WHO THEN TOOK HIS OWN LIFE IN A FIT OF REMORSE!

A WITCH-HUNT! NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS! BUT BELIEVE ME, I SHALL NOT REST UNTIL I HAVE UNAERED THE TRUTH... AND PROVED MY SON'S INNOCENCE!

SCRIPT: GOODALL. ARTWORK: CUYAS. 

CUYAS
HEITZ IMMEDIATELY WENT TO DR. NOVOSSOFF AND HIS ASSISTANT, CARLA HOFFMAN, FOR HELP. BUT TO NO AVAIL.

THAT EVENING HEITZ WAS RESTLESS.

.once he almost reached his home... there he is! rush him!

CASTLE BORSKI!

HEART POUNDING, HEITZ STEALTHY ENTERED THE CASTLE.

UNTIL HE HEARS A SOUND AND TURNS TO FACE...

HAAAARRRRR!

OH, MY GOD! MAGAERA!

HIS LIMBS HARDENING, HEITZ RAN FROM THE CASTLE.

RAARGH!

FEVERISHLY, HEITZ BURST INTO HIS HOME, AND BEGAN TO WRITE...

TH' THE MARKS DOOM ETCHED UPON MY FACE... BUT I MUST NOT DIE! NOT YET... NOT YET!

IT'S NO USE. I MUST SEE FOR MYSELF THE SECRET OF...

END OF PART ONE...

THE LEGENDS ARE TRUE! THE GORGON STILL LIVES!

CANNOT THINK. FEEL SO COLD... MY HANDS. THEY'RE...

THANK GOD I HAVE BEEN GROUNDED TIME TO CALL YOU WHAT I SAID THIS NIGHT. I AM AGONIZED BY PAIN IN MY CHEST. I AM TURNING TO STONE.
THAT AFTERNOON, IN INSPECTOR KNOF'S OFFICE...

YOU WISH TO INSPECT MY PHOTOGRAPHS AND FILES? NEVER, SIR!

I HAVE MANY INFLUENTIAL FRIEND'S INSPECTOR INCLUDING YOUR SUPERIOR, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY! I COULD HAVE YOU REPLACED IN A WEEK!

I WISH TO STUDY THE RECORDS OF ALL WOMEN ALIENS REGISTERED HERE WITHIN THE LAST TEN YEARS!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

THIS WOMAN—CARLA HOFFMAN! WHEN DID SHE COME TO VANDORF?

SEVEN YEARS AGO! TWO YEARS BEFORE THE SPATE OF UNSOLVED MURDERS!

VERY WELL, PROFESSOR... IT WOULD SEEM I HAVE NO CHOICE!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

THIS WOMAN—CARLA HOFFMAN! WHEN DID SHE COME TO VANDORF?

SEVEN YEARS AGO! TWO YEARS BEFORE THE SPATE OF UNSOLVED MURDERS!

POSSIBLY! I DON'T THINK CARLA WAS CURED AT ALL! I THINK SHE STILL LOSES HER MEMORY... AROUND THE TIME OF THE FULL MOON!

BUT CARLA IS YOUNG... BEAUTIFUL! MAGAREA THE GORGON DIED TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO!

AND SO, THAT EVENING...

CARLA HOFFMAN, PROBATIONARY NURSE HERE IN 1903. IN 1905, SUFFERED FROM LOSS OF MEMORY—AMNESIA! THAT'S FIVE YEARS AGO!

IN 1906, DOCTOR NAMAROFF GAVE CARLA AN INTENSIVE COURSE OF TREATMENT! SHE WAS APPARENTLY CURED, BUT THE FIRST OF THE VANDORF MURDERS COINCIDED WITH THESE ATTACKS OF AMNESIA.

IT'S THE MONSTER'S SPIRIT WE'RE CONCERNED WITH! IT HAS FOUND A RESTING PLACE IN A WOMAN'S BODY!

SURELY NOT CARLA'S? OH, PLEASE GOD, DON'T LET IT BE CARLA!

ARE YOU SAYING THAT CARLA IS MAGAREA?
FORGE MY INTRUSION, MR. HEITZ! I AM CARLA HOFFMANN, DOCTOR NAMAROFF'S ASSISTANT.

I BELIEVE DOCTOR NAMAROFF IS A CHARLATAN AND A LIAR! HE HAS ALREADY ISSUED A DEATH CERTIFICATE SAYING MY FATHER DIED OF HEART FAILURE!

AND YOU DON'T BELIEVE HIM? YOU THINK THE DOCTOR IS TRYING TO HIDE SOMETHING?

YES! AS WELL AS BEING REFUSED PERMISSION TO SEE THE BODY, THERE IS THIS LETTER MY FATHER LEFT!

HE TALKS OF PAINS IN HIS CHEST... OF TURNING TO STONE!

NO! MY FATHER INSTRUCTED ME TO SHOW IT TO NO ONE! HE KNEW HE WAS DYING, BUT HE WAS STILL ABLE TO WRITE... DOES THAT SOUND LIKE HEART FAILURE?

NO, I MUST ADMIT THAT I AM WORRIED TOO... ABOUT SO MANY THINGS!

IN THE LETTER, HE MENTIONS A TERRIBLE THING, STRIKING THE PEOPLE OF VANDORF... THE CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE... THE FEAR... AND HE REFERS TO MAGAERA!

DID DOCTOR NAMAROFF TELL YOU THAT THE SPIRIT OF MAGAERA ROAMS THIS FOREST... AND IS REPUTED TO INHABIT THE CASTLE BORSKI?

NO, WHEN I TALKED OF THE GORGON LEGEND, HE SAID HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT! DO YOU, CARLA?

ALREADY! I HAVE LOST MY FATHER AND MY BROTHER! I'M NOT VERY CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS TO ME!

NOW I MUST GO. I'M ON DUTY IN HALF AN HOUR.

I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU, CARLA... AND I HOPE WE MEET AGAIN!

YES, I AM SURE MAGAERA EXISTS... BUT IF YOU INSIST ON CARRYING ON YOUR FATHER'S INVESTIGATION, SHE'LL KILL YOU TOO!

I'M CONCERNED, PAUL... SO PLEASE BE CAREFUL!
LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL...

THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG, MY DEAR! DID PAUL HEITZ SHOW YOU THE LETTER?

NO... BUT I DID MANAGE TO GLANCE AT PART OF IT!

IT MENTIONED THE THREE HIDEOUS GORGON SISTERS—MEDUSA, TISIPHONE AND MAGAREA. THEIR HEADS WERE CROWNED WITH LIVING SNAKES... EACH SNAKE A TENTACLE OF THE HELLISH BRAIN FROM WHICH IT SPANG!

SO HIDEOUS WAS THE GORGON THAT ANYONE WHO SAW ONE WAS PETRIFIED... TURNED TO STONE! THAT'S ALL I HAD TIME TO SEE!

A PITY! PROFESSOR HEITZ WAS A GREAT STUDENT OF MYTHOLOGY, HE COULD HAVE PROVIDED THE COMPLETE ANSWER!

BUT I'M SURE OF ONE THING NOW, CARLA! MAGAREA IS NOT ONLY IN OUR MIDST... SHE HAS TAKEN ON HUMAN FORM!

TH-THEN WHO IS SHE, DOCTOR... WHO?

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR BURST OPEN, AND...

DOCTOR, IT IS MARTHA... THE MAD-WOMAN! SHE HAS ESCAPED!

IN HER STATE OF MADNESS, SHE WILL RESIST RECATURE... BUT TAKE HER ALIVE IF YOU CAN!

WHAAAT?! YOU FOOL RATOFF! MOUNT AN IMMEDIATE SEARCH! THE OLD CRONE MUST BE FOUND!

WHAT A PLACE! I CAN ALMOST SENSE THE EVIL... LIKE AN ENVELOPING SHROUD OF FEAR, AND...

DARKNESS FELL AGAIN, OVER THE TORTURED VILLAGE OF VANDORF... AND IN THE LONELY MILL HOUSE...

THE DOORS! THAT WIND!

A FACE REFLECTED IN THE WATER! IT... IT...

NEEE-AAARGH!
Whuu? Carla! What am I doing here? Where am I?

I remember... I saw a reflection! A face! The face of Magrera!

No, it was real enough! I must attend the inquest on my father's death and bring this terror into the open!

So—once again, I am faced with a conspiracy of silence? The suppression of vital evidence? Where is Doctor Namarkoff?

In hospital! You've been delirious for three days... ever since we found you raving and semi-conscious in the garden of your house!

Probably just a dream—a nightmare! Brought on by grief and worry!

Paul, the inquest is over! Your father was buried the day after you were admitted to hospital!

Outside! One of his mental patients who escaped has just been found dead!

Poor, demented old Martha...

Another victim, Doctor Namarkoff? How many lies will you have to tell to hush this death up?

There is nothing strange about this woman's demise, Mr. Heitz! She took her own life rather than be locked up again!

Paul strode off... a bitter, angry man!

Doctor, when we found Paul Heitz, it was the night Martha escaped... and you told me that Magrera had taken on human form! Was it Martha?

No! Of that I am certain!

Then who do you suspect of being the gorgon? I have a right to know!

It is too early to say, Carla... and until I am absolutely positive, I'd rather say nothing!

Midnight! And in the Vandorf Cemetery, Paul Heitz was engaged in a grisly task...

GNNFF... I have reached the coffin at last!
THE DESECRATION OF A HUMAN GRAVE... BUT I MUST SEE MY FATHER'S BODY. GET THE FINAL PROOF I SO BADLY NEED.

YES, PAUL! A BODY TURNED TO STONE... LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!

OH, MY GOD!

CARLA!

SOMEHOW I KNEW YOU WOULD BE HERE. NOW YOU HAVE THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED!

YES, THIS PROVES THAT NAMAROFF ISSUED A FALSE DEATH CERTIFICATE. BUT WHY? WHO IS HE TRYING TO SHIELD?

I DON'T KNOW! I'M AFRAID OF HIM. PAUL, HE IS A JEALOUS MAN, AND I THINK HE LOVES ME!

YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, CARLA... COULD LOVE YOU TOO! LEAVE NAMAROFF AND COME AWAY WITH ME! NOW! TONIGHT!

I CAN'T, PAUL. I CAN'T! I HAVE TO STAY HERE AND SEE THIS THING THROUGH!

I MUST GO NOW! NAMAROFF WOULD BE FURIOUS IF HE KNEW I HAD BEEN WITH YOU TONIGHT!

TAKE HEART, CARLA! IF YOU LOVE ME TOO, WE'LL SEE THIS AFFAIR THROUGH TOGETHER!

Dawn was breaking as Paul arrived home... to find an unexpected visitor waiting for him.

PROFESSOR MEISTER? BY HEAVENS, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, SIR!

GRIMLY, PAUL TOLD HIS STORY... ABOUT THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, AND HIS OWN NARROW ESCAPE.

HMM... WHEN PERSEUS BEHEADED MEDUSA, HE GUIDED HIS BLOW BY LOOKING AT HER REFLECTION IN HIS SHIELD... WHAT SPARED YOU IS THAT YOU ONLY SAW MAGAREA'S REFLECTION IN THE POOL!

ONLY ONE—CARLA HOFFMAN! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, PROFESSOR... I THINK I MIGHT BE IN LOVE WITH HER.

THE EVIDENCE OF YOUR FATHER'S GRAVE IS ENOUGH! HAVE YOU MET ANY WOMEN SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HERE?

WE NEED MORE INFORMATION, PAUL! A SUDDEN VISIT TO THE LOCAL POLICE HEADQUARTERS IS INDICATED!

YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'VE BEEN IN YOUR GRAVE AND DUG YOUR WAY OUT! WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING, MAN? WHY NO WORD FROM YOUR FATHER?

THEN THE SPIRIT OF MAGAREA ROAMS THIS FOREST— IN HUMAN FORM!
Suddenly...

Great Scott, what --?

It's Carla—struggling with Namaroff's assistant, Ratoff.

Now clear out—and stay out! Oh, Paul... Paul!

Graagh!

Oh, Paul... Paul!

I had to see you again... but Namaroff had me followed! He... he's mad with jealousy, Paul... I know it.

Rush... you'll be safe now!

Wait—more trouble! Ratoff has gone for Doctor Namaroff and the police.

Moments later...

Professor Meister? I insist that Carla Hoffman is handed over to me! I alone am responsible for her.

Why? because you know she is an amnesia victim... and capable of murder?

But minutes later...

She's not here, sir! We've searched everywhere—including the attic.

Heitz! If Carla is not found, I'll see that you spend the next twenty years of your life in jail.

They must be coming for Carla! I'll hide her upstairs!

You have been delving into things that do not concern you, sir! Now hand the girl over!

Sergeant—take your men and search every room! Find the girl!

Carla is no longer in the house, doctor! I advise you to leave!

At once, inspector!
NO, SIR, I TOLD THE TRUTH — CARLA ISN'T HERE! SHE AGREED TO COME AWAY WITH ME! I'M MEETING HER AT THE RAILWAY STATION IN AN HOUR'S TIME!

NO!

GRAAAH!

PAUL, YOU MUST FACE THE TRUTH! CARLA IS POSSESSED! EVEN NOW, AS MARGERA, SHE IS RAMPING IN SEARCH OF HER NEXT VICTIM!

PAUL, WAIT... DON'T BE A FOOL!

CARLA!

I AM WAITING FOR CARLA, MR. HERTZ!

NO! NOT EVEN YOU WILL STOP ME THIS TIME, NAMAROFF!

FOOL! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
CARLA IS MAGAREN... AND MAGAREN MUST DIE!

GRAARH!

HAARRRAN!

CARLA! CARLA, MY LOVE!

HAAAAR!

BUT...

TOO LATE...

PAUL, STAY WHERE YOU ARE! DON'T TURN AROUND!

AAWUURR!

...TOO LATE!

GRAAAEEE!

C-CARLA!

SHE'S FREE NOW, PAUL...

YOU'RE BOTH FREE... IN A BETTER WORLD BEYOND THE GRAVE!

THE END.
HOUSE OF HAMMER BARGAIN BASEMENT

**HoH BACK ISSUES**

Still available! All twelve issues of HoH. Be sure of completing your collection of *HoH Volume One* while stocks last at the collectors' bargain price of 40p ($1 outside UK) each. Price includes postage (unless ordering less than 5 copies of HoH and/or our poster mags), in which case add 5p per title. Foreign orders will be sent surface mail ($1 per copy extra for airmail) and cheques/money orders should be made payable to Top Sellers Ltd. UK: Allow up to 2 weeks, abroad 6 weeks, for delivery.

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21 page illustrated adaption of 1958 Dracula; Kronos; Lee biography & filmography; 1930's; FX; Brazilian Horror; etc.

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Curse of Frankenstein Part 1; Devil A Daughter, At Hammer Studios; Hammer Monster Make-up; Italian Horror...

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Dracula—Prince of Darkness comic strip; Blood & Guts, Crazies, Chris Lee gallery, 1931 Horror Films, etc.

**HoH7** 40p
Twins of Evil strip, The Omen, Karloff, The Werewolf, Female Vampires, Devil's Men, etc.

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- **MM14** Poster, It's Alive

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HOUSE OF HAMMER BARGAIN BASEMENT, 135-141 Wardour Street, London W.1.
HORROR EXPLOITATION

Death Game appears to be a prize example of horror exploitation, giving us the story of two young girls who virtually take over the home of a San Francisco businessman and pull the plug out when it comes to sadistic thoughts. Made in 1974, the film was originally titled Mrs. Manning’s Weekend. The director, Peter Traynor, worked from a script by Anthony Overman and Michael Ronald Ross, and the entire show is a Levitt-Pickman Film Corp. release of a Larry Spiegel and Mel Bergman presentation. Traynor has previously received producer credits on The Ultimate Thrill and Truck Stop Women.

THE DAY THE SCREAMING STOPPED

Peter Walker’s The Day the Screaming Stopped went into production in April, in London. From the screenplay by Murray Smith, producer-director Walker will add this one to his list of grisly thrillers (House of Mortal Sin, House of Whipcord, Schizo, etc.).

NEW SCHNEER FANTASY

Perseus and the Gorgon’s Head is the next possible project for producer Charles Schneer. Very likely, this will depend on the financial outcome of the Schneer-Harryhausen Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger. The Perseus project will have Harryhausen coproduce and Beverley Cross coproduce and Beverley Cross pen the screenplay. Although Schneer will be operating from his London-based Andor Films Ltd., the British National Film Development Fund may be footing the development costs.

THE MEDUSA TOUCH

A thriller with supernatural ties, The Medusa Touch, has gone into production, with Elliott Kastner as exec. producer and Jack Gold handling the direction as well as taking on the role of producer. Based on a novel by Peter van Greenaway, and scripted by John Briley, the picture headlines Richard Burton (as a writer), Lee Remick (as a psychiatrist), and Lino Ventura (as a police inspector). Working out of Pinewood Studios, the film is budgeted at seven million dollars with shooting over an eight-week schedule.

BIONIC AND SATANIC OFFSPRING

Hong Kong film productions seem to be going overboard with an assortment of fantasy-oriented projects: HK-based producer Bobby A. Suarez has wrapped-up production on his Cyborg cash-in, The Bionic Boy. Directed by Leody M. Diaz, the pic stars Steve Nicholson, Kerry Chandler, Clem Parsons, Ron Rogers, David Fry, with the title character played by 10-year-old Johnson Yap. A sequel, The 12 Million Dollar Boy, is currently being planned by Suarez, with young Yap continuing his title lead. For the record, the title ’Bionic’ is a trademark of the MCA’s Universal City Studios unit. Suarez’ Intercontinental Film Dist. has Daughters of Satan ready for production; the story concerns ’half-bodied’ female vampires who seek out pregnant women every night of the full moon. Golden Harvest Films are preparing, for August, James Herbert’s The Rats, from a screenplay by Nolan Smith.

AVENGERS SECOND SEASON

Episodes of The New Avengers, second season, are now under way at Pinewood Studios with the first segment, ’Hostage’, directed by Sidney Hayers. Patrick Macnee, Joanna Lumley, and Gareth Hunt continue in their starring roles. Sidney Hayers has been a long-time contributor to television, and has worked in a directorial capacity on such series as The Human Jungle, early Avengers (during the days of Honor Blackman as ’Cathy Gale’), Arthur of the Britons, The Zoo Gang. In 1961, Hayers directed Night of the Eagle, an excellent film taken from Richard Matheson’s script.

CBS DEMONIC PILOT

World of Darkness, a CBS-TV pilot telecast in America this April, played off on the occult theme (probably to tie-in with the current success of The Omen). Art Wallace’s script is actual fact no more than a re-issue of the 1958 Paramount picture, The Blob, starring Steve McQueen. A not-too-exciting film, except for McQueen’s excellent antics. This almost Doc Savage repacking should pack them in, though for the money, I’d rather have the poster.
had as the mainstream storyline a man who had been medically dead for the period of 2½ minutes and then revived. This experience enabled the hero to establish a connection with the dead, thus putting him in a position to help people who were potential victims of the dark forces. Granville van Dusen played the lead, and this pilot show saw him trying to uncover the mystery surrounding a suicide in New England. The film climaxed with van Dusen combating a demon that had taken over the body of a friend. Produced by Diana Kerew and directed by Jerry London, this 60-minute show looks unlikely to spawn a regular series, despite the effective pilot.

**NBC DEMONIC PLOP**

The Possessed, an NBC-TV Sunday Movie, seems to have all the ingredients to counter the current pressures of erasing violence from the small screen. Produced by Philip Mandelker, and directed by Jerry Thorpe, this pilot show concerned Joan Hackett as the mistress of a girl's school who is 'possessed' and makes a 'meal' out of throwing-up in James Farentino's face—in penetrating closeups! Farentino (seen some seasons back as the hero in TV's Cool Million series) is the central character of the story; his role is that of a defrocked cleric, ex-drunk, and womaniser who is brought back to life after a fatal car crash (some stretch of the imagination, eh?), and is now off in pursuit of things evil and supernatural. The script, by Thorpe, paves the way for a possible series of unbreached idiocy and nauseating viewing.

**Media Macabre**

**BIZARRE**

Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell. It is not, as many may presume, another rehashing of an old theme but a well-coordinated study of the series: or, as the heading subtitile states, 'It's the Man, not the Monster, that makes the difference'.

Demonic children are a relatively new addition to the gallery of horror ingredients, starting off with Mervyn LeRoy's 1956 The Bad Seed, featuring an 8-year-old murderess. 'Children of the Night' conducts a serious survey on one of the most effective sub-divisions in the horror-fantasy genre, detailing the history and growth of the theme. The author writes: 'By far the best in this group is Robert Mulligan's The Other. It is the best American horror film about children; it presents a perfectly innocent setting and two seemingly innocent boys.' The Other, from the book by ex-actor Tom Tryon, has yet to receive general release throughout the U.K., but it is definitely a film worth keeping a lookout for in the future, as this article testifies.

The film reviews evaluate Abby ('In a way, Abby is more disgusting than The Exorcist...'), Captain Kronos: Vampire Hunter (... is one of the freshest horror films to come out of Hammer'), Dracula ('Compared to Curtis' other TV flukes, his Dracula really is not too bad.'), Nothing But the Night ('As Christopher Lee has said, the film requires the viewer to listen to every word of dialogue...'), The Texas Chainsaw Massacre (... is sensationalism at its worst.'), and Young Frankenstein (... the most insane horror parody in years...) among some remarkable 40 film listings.

This is just a scant selection of the many exciting contents that make up the fourth edition of Bizarre magazine; the superb selection and layout of photo-illustrations is a whole new story!

Issue number three of Bizarre also has a goodly amount of material to offer. The magazine starts off with an in-depth look at NBC-TV's Frankenstein: The True Story, directed by Jack Smight. This 180-minute account of Mary Shelley's story and events has been telecast twice on British television, so this article will prove to be of great interest to those who enjoyed the film, and even greater interest to those few who missed it. 29 pages of horror-fantasy film reviews (heavily illustrated) form a major part of this issue, devoting a respectful amount of time and space to each movie.

Once again, the interviews that have been compiled by Mr. Irvin are truly remarkable and should not be missed by anyone seeking pleasure from fantastic cinema. The section offers you the words and thoughts of Roy Ward Baker, Ralph Bates, Stephanie Beacham, James Bernard (just about the foremost contributor of music scores for Hammer films), Shane Briant, Sir James Carreras, Michael Carreras, Terence Fisher, Freddie Francis, Kevin Francis, Linda Hayden, Christopher Lee, Ingrid Pitt, and Diana Riggs, among quite a few other personalities.

I have merely made mention of some of the fascinating items that run throughout issues 3 and 4 of Bizarre, leaving quite a lot for you, the reader, to pursue and enjoy should you be wise enough to write for your own copies. Highly recommended.

Bizarre is available from Sam L Irvin Jr, The Pit Company, 87 Forest Road, Asheville, N.C. 28803, U.S.A.

—T.V.
Giant spiders seem to be making a comeback! New Realm Distributors are handling the American film Kiss of the Tarantula in Britain. For some unknown reason they have retitled it Shudder for the UK, perhaps hoping to totally confuse the movie audiences of our shores and annoy tomorrow's cinema historians.

Shivers was the one with the parasite worm-like things, released last year, right? Shatter was the Hammer/Shaw Brothers movie that never got U.K. release, yes? And now we have Shudder.

The story centres around Susan Bradley, teenage daughter of John and Martha Bradley, who operate and live in the local mortuary. Susan has for pets a collection of deadly tarantula spiders, and because of her somewhat morbid nature is shunned and ignored by her friends.

Mother Martha is secretly in love with her husband's younger brother, Walter, and plots to murder John Bradley so she will be free to remarry. But Susan overhears the conversation and during the night places a tarantula in Martha's bed while she sleeps.
Abruptly by the spider, Martha dies of a heart attack, thus leaving the authorities to believe the death was brought on by natural causes.

Susan’s classmates however only use the death as an excuse to be even more vicious towards her. And so, Susan uses her spiders in acts of revenge against them.

Walter, having lost his lover, now tells Susan he really loves her. But in pursuing her, he stumbles down a flight of stairs, paralyzing himself from the neck down.

Ignoring Walter’s cries for mercy and help, Susan uses a mortician’s body-lift to place Walter, still alive, in a coffin beneath the corpse of classmate Nancy, to be buried the following day.

The townspeople never do find out what happened to Walter Bradley. Susan knows... but she’s hardly likely to tell.

Not an earth-shattering picture, but worth catching when it comes round to your local as part of a double-bill.

SHUDDER
Suzanne Ling (as Susan Bradley), Eric Mason (Walter Bradley), Herman Wellner (John Bradley), Patricia Landon (Nancy Drury), Beverly Eddins (Martha Bradley).
Directed by Chris Munger, Produced by Daniel B. Cady, Story and screenplay by Daniel B. Cady and Warren Hamilton Jr.
Eastmancolor.
Time: 84 mins.

The other currently-on-release spider chiller is likely to really leave you cold rather than send shivers up your spine. It’s a remarkably silly piece of horror/sf
A giant spider attacks a group of young people. Most of whom seem quite amused. While the re-touching of the spider isn’t so obvious in the film, the car that the spider’s been built over can be seen!

Ev (Leslie Parrish) screams out when she sees the first of the giant spiders in its terribly re-toched web.

exploitation from Hemdale International distributors. The title should give you right idea this time... The Giant Spider Invasion.

Somewhat sneakily, the press showing of this one was during week ending 21st May, 1977. That was the week when most critics went to cover the Cannes Film Festival, leaving their oft-times greener, less critical proteges to cover new movies.

Though they’d been promised months earlier, our tickets never arrived. Upon phoning Hemdale we were told there were no seats left whatsoever. But, upon our request, Hemdale did send us their ‘press kit’.

It tells us... A gamma ray shower hits a small town in North Wisconsin. Local scientist Dr. Jenny Langer phones N.A.S.A. for help as radiation sets in. Dr. Vance arrives at Montclare to find spider’s eggs being hatched, and the radiation causing terrifying consequences. The spiders grow to an enormous size creating havoc and destruction wherever they go.

Thanks to some quick thinking by Dr. Vance and Dr. Langer, they conceive a plan to reverse the process before total destruction can take over.

...sounds like the ’50s science fiction B movies live again. Check it out at your peril. Hemdale don’t seem too confident (or even bothered), so it’s not likely to be any better than the not-so-wide selection of stills (3) they sent for us to select from.

GIANT SPIDER INVASION

Steve Brodie (as Dr. Vance), Barbara Hale (Dr. Langer), Alan Hale (Sheriff), Robert Easton (Kester), Leslie Parrish (Ev).

Time : 76 mins.
Certificate A.

The re-toucher drew better clouds than spider hairs in this equally silly shot from The Giant Spider Invasion.
House of Hammer 8 was brilliant. I've no complaints. Look at it. Not only do we get a new heroic saga with brilliant art...but also a writing style which wraps itself around the art rather than just bridging the gaps caused by lack of space...and because of the demons' venge... (After all, it must be the demon taking subtle revenge on Shandor by having him 'thrown out of the light') we get the Conan of British comics...and after this you have the first part of Quatermass Experiment...I wonder how long it'll be before I can snatch Brian Lewis away from HoH...Perhaps you ought to play their own game and devote a section of Hammer Answer Desk to Brian Lewis...flatter him...butter him up...put your left arm around his shoulder...force a drink down his throat with the other hand...and when he's sufficiently stoned...pull open the dungeon door...push him inside and slam...The Midnight Coach was a neat little Night Gallery thing...One complaint...the cover. In the shadowy comic rack of our newspapers the cover was just a mass of green blobs with Santa Clause waving a sword about...if I hadn't seen the bright'n'beautiful Hammer logo I'd've missed 8 altogether! 

Graham Bassett, Grimsby

I am an Australian living in the southern hemisphere on this desolate island.

Down here we hardly see anything of British horror magazines, in fact we see very little of British horror, full stop.

For example, just before Xmas, Peter Cushing's new film opened in a Sydney theatre. At the Earth's Core ran for only one month! But worse still was a double bill, Squirm and The Return of Count Yorga ran for a great grand slam one week! In the heart of the city!

In November a friend arrived home all refreshed from a great trip round England and Scotland. He brought back two issues of an amazing magazine which I had never seen the likes of before. It was called Monster Mag and had the most incredible posters. Of course I sent away immediately for a full set. And I was in for a surprise! Four of the mags I had wanted were no longer available but instead I was given four issues of a great new magazine called House of Hammer.

In a few moments I was out on the road searching every newsagent and bookshop for other issues. And finally I found one shop in the whole of Sydney. HoH arrives there four months after their release date.

And I suppose that until people start noticing the want of horror material down under (especially Hammer), we horror fans will have to continue the struggle, fighting over remaining issues of our favourite magazine at the local newsstand. One thing that puzzles me, in HoH No 3, a question was asked concerning Hammer film posters. Surprising as it may seem they are quite easy to obtain here. Over the past year I have bought fifteen of them all in one movie shop (approx. £5 each!) my prize one is Revenge of Frankenstein. It's absolutely beautiful. I for one am praying that HoH will produce many more issues.

Andrew Morson, Castle Craig, Australia.

When I saw the last issue of Monster Mag I thought that was the end of British horror magazines. But then, out of the blue came House of Hammer. There had been some news of its coming in the fanzine world but I was surprised to see it on the market so soon.

Somehow I wasn't impressed with the first issue, but number two was a work of art. The feature on Texas Chainsaw Massacre was the best piece you have ever run. And from issue 2, the magazine just rocketed.

The art has reached perfection, and the stories match exactly. There is only one magazine on fantasy available in Britain, and it's flooded the market with a great success. Perhaps not as gory as Monster Mag but far more interesting.

However I think it would be even better if there were not so many long old film reviews. Sometimes they can get a touch boring.

Steven Siddall, Whitely Bay, Tyne & Wear.

I enjoy your magazine very much, particularly Denis Gifford's series on the golden age of horror films and John Brosnan's articles of special effects. The adaptation of Seven Golden Vampires was very interesting to see, as this film has not been released in North America.

William Kay, Newmarket, Ontario, Canada.

In issue 8, a reader suggested a photo-strip of a film, instead of a comic strip adaptation. As you explained this might not work, I have an alternative suggestion.

Why not run a single page photo-strip from a film, just showing one of the film's highlights? I would particularly like to see the sequence from Dracula AD 1972 where Christopher Lee is impaled on a shattered wheel.

Harvey Clarke, Bury St. Edmunds.

HoH is the best horror mag ever created. I think your illustrated films are brilliant. Your artists are really fantastic, a lot of their drawings look like real photographs.

Of the issues so far, I thought Dracula, Prince of Darkness was the best of all, in HoH 6. The drawings of Christopher Lee were so lifelike, especially page 14 (frame 1). (To save you flicking back, we've reproduced it here—Dez.)

Your covers are really excellent too, and I think the idea of Father Shandor in HoH 8 was great.

Matthew Walton, Hampton, Eversham.

...they look like real photographs.
When Universal made Mary Shelley's story into a screenplay they had no idea that their Frankenstein would prove so popular, creating (directly and indirectly) a series that would run intermittently for the following five decades.

Under the talented direction of James Whale, Universal's film and one of their contract players, Boris Karloff, became instant successes. The central theme of this film, as well as all the sequels that followed, was the Monster—the appearance of the Monster was what every member of the audience waited for, nervously. Taking it from the viewpoint of the Monster being the central character (for without it where would the film go?), the following notes will take a look at the various ways the Monster was utilized throughout its 'career'.

Whale's Frankenstein made the Monster a most sympathetic figure, almost akin to King Kong, inducing the audience to care more for its welfare than for the rest of the cast. A strange psychology; something of an anti-hero! When, finally, the Monster is hounded and trapped in the burning windmill, your feelings are more related to its predicament than with the jeopardy of Henry Frankenstein (Colin Clive). Once it is all over, who cares about the remaining few moments showing us that Henry has just about survived? It is the Monster we feel sad about.

Universal wouldn't let this success go, so in 1935 they brought our dear Monster back in Bride of Frankenstein. This is where Universal's ace make-up man, Jack Pierce, really excelled in his field; he turned the already heart-stopping visage of Karloff's Monster into a portrait of charred grotesqueness, burning away the lank hair from the front of the head and altering the make-up to suit a scorched-flesh appearance. This sequel also featured another 'creation', the intended Bride for the Monster. Seven-feet of gauze-swathed woman, complete with electrified hair. Again, our Monster received the same hostile treatment from the cast as before: surviving the climax of the previous film, in the burning windmill, it rises to be pursued by the local villagers and ends up virtually crucified by them.


Its apparent hostile actions are purely motivated by ignorant peasants and devious scientists, turning it into a constant prey. The Monster's eventual actions are quite justified when it decides to blow everyone up in the laboratory; a form of suicide which takes most of the wrongdoers along also!

KARLOFF TO LUGOSI

Rowland V. Lee's Son of Frankenstein, in 1939, brought the Monster back to suffer again. This time it ends up being pushed into a bubbling limespit, after being manipulated by a vengeful hunchback for various crimes. In Bride of Frankenstein, the Monster was able to speak a few words, even smoke a cigar, but now it was as dumb as in the original. Karloff had brought to the Monster a variety of emotions, producing a thing capable of drawing
TEIN ON FILM
sympathy rather than terror. Tiring of the part, Karloff relinquished the role to Lon Chaney Jr., for *Ghost of Frankenstein* in 1942.

After a decade of Karloff's face being under the now-familiar make-up, Chaney, somehow, just didn't look right. Basically, his face was too fat to convince the onlooker that this was the face of a revived corpse. Retaining a character introduced in *Son of Frankenstein*, Ygor (Bela Lugosi), the plot of this entry involved the transfer of Ygor's brain into the Monster. Needless to say, the Monster had been restored back to its former self after its encounter with the lime-pit. Chaney's make-up remained similar to that used on Karloff in the previous three films; the flat-topped head, the hulking form, and the large, heavy boots. The interest in the character was now waning, due to the Monster acting as a mere prop for the other characters to revolve around. A fiery climax in the laboratory put it out of its misery.

1943 gave us *Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman*, in which Bela Lugosi took over as the Monster. Some 12 years previous, Lugosi had rejected the part offered in *Frankenstein*. Attempting the same style of make-up, Lugosi's Monster ended up looking rather ludicrous. Once reactivated, the Monster just stumbled around the film eventually bringing about the title's implication, which was staged quite effectively, resulting in both characters being swept away in a deluge of water.

Both Chaney and Lugosi were grossly miscast as the Monster, which was now starting to become synonymous with its creator: Frankenstein. Not being referred to as the 'Monster', but as Frankenstein made it a sure sign that the character had lost its individuality.

**LUGOSI TO STRANGE**

Further proof of this was shown, along with the general devaluation of most of the Universal horror-characters, when the studio enrolled the group into what was tentatively called *The Devil's Brood*; it later became *House of Frankenstein*. The Monster was now forced to share the billing with Dracula (John Carradine), the Wolfman (Chaney Jr.), crazed-scientist Dr. Niemann (Karloff), and a hunchbacked assistant (J. Carroll Naish).

1944 was definitely part of the downhill journey for the Monster (Glenn Strange) in Erle C. Kenton's *House of Frankenstein*, with the predictable climax forcing the Monster to drag the
Frankenstein 1970, an abysmal Allied Artists movie starring Boris Karloff, in which a TV crew invades Castle Frankenstein.

...mad-scientist into a quicksand. Apparently, Karloff had taken some time to tutor ex-cowboy actor Glenn Strange in the portrayal of the Monster, but this was lost in the film as the character lay dormant for the most part.

The following year the Monster (Glenn Strange, again) was revived for House of Dracula, with director Kenton again putting it through its paces alongside Carradine’s Dracula, Chaney’s Wolfman, and, this time, Onslow Stevens’ interpretation of a mad doctor. It had taken the glorious Frankenstein Monster 14 years to become virtually a Universal Studio prop!

In House of Frankenstein, the Monster was thawed out of the ice entombing it after the ending of the previous film only to sink into a convenient quicksand at the finish. Now, in this follow-up, it is discovered in a cave at the base of a cliff after it has sunk down through the quicksand. Discovered by a new mad doctor, it is soon seen lying inanimate on an operating table ‘waiting for a new life to come’. The new life comes all too briefly for the poor Monster before it is despatched again.

Hammer's The Curse of Frankenstein featuring Christopher Lee as the creature in this publicity shot.
The total absurdity came when Universal put it into one of their Abbott and Costello vehicles, becoming Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein (1947). Here, the Monster turns up in America (the previous films having a mythical central European location, such as ‘Vasaria’) as part of a wax museum consignment being handled by the two comedians. The sequence of silly events rounds itself off by having Dracula (Lugosi) chase Lou Costello to use the latter’s brain for the Monster (Strange), which must potentially be an even greater crime against the Monster than having Henry Frankenstein’s assistant steal an abnormal brain in the very first film. Despite the plot outcome of this film, the Monster must have died of shame by the end.

Now that Universal had run itself into the ground with the Frankenstein series, it took a whole new decade, studio, and approach to revive Mary Shelley’s character.

1957 premiered Hammer’s Curse of Frankenstein, directed by Terence Fisher from Jimmy Sangster’s screen play. This film developed a whole new style, apart from the use of colour, for the Frankenstein saga. Christopher Lee, under Phil Leakey’s heavy make-up, was billed on the posters as the Creature, not the Frankenstein Monster, thus bringing it closer to Shelley’s original concept.
The casting of Peter Cushing as Victor Frankenstein must have been a piece of sheer genius, but, as always, it was the Monster that everyone was waiting for. However, when it came it must have made the audience (of the time) wish otherwise: a yellowy face with scars and warped skin surrounding lifeless water-filled eyes, under black lank hair. Hammer’s Curse of Frankenstein followed the original novel in a somewhat gruesome fashion, but was most effective in capturing an atmospheric period flavour. Here, the Monster was again depicted as an awkward, yet sympathetic, figure which, unfortunately, was too quickly used as a murder-machine by its creator, resulting in its death by plunging into a vat of acid.

Tales of Frankenstein, an intended television series from Hammer and Screen Gems, used Don Megowan as the Monster but failed. The actual title of the pilot episode was The Face in the Tombstone Mirror and told of the Monster running amok, ending up in a cemetery, and seeing (for the first time) its horrendous visage in the glass of a headstone.

Michael Gwynn was Frankenstein’s next creation, in Revenge of Frankenstein, when Cushing put the brain of his crippled assistant into a sturdy young body. The experiment turned out to be a failure, and Gwynn’s Monster became a twisted cannibal, looking something like a snarling Quasimodo.

HAMMER RESURRECTION

Throughout Hammer’s Frankenstein cycle, Cushing’s Baron Frankenstein was always portrayed as a determined man, trying hard to succeed but just about always doomed to failure (as if by the hand of God). Whereas the Universal Monster generally retained the same appearance (makeup-wise), Hammer’s creations changed with each new film, due to the continuous experiments of the Baron. Simply, Universal’s continuing character was the Monster and Hammer’s was the Baron.

Evil of Frankenstein, released in 1964, had the Baron bring about a new Monster (Kiwi Kingston) which vaguely resembled the old Universal character. The similarity to the old studio didn’t end there because the film’s finale saw the Monster trapped by the cure-all fire (again!). It was now the motivations and dedication of the Baron that kept the audiences involved, rather than the advent of the Monster. Frankenstein Created Woman emerged in 1967 with the Baron trying it again, this time coming forth with a woman, a beautiful woman (Susan Denberg). The screenplay by John Elder (Anthony Hinds) appeared faintly as a variation of the Revenge of Frankenstein theme, only the sex of the ‘creation’ had changed. The Monster here can only be defined by its homicidal nature—certainly not by its appearance. However, it must be considered a score in points for Hammer to come up with a tantalising, seductive ‘Monster’. This film may be the only one in the series where the audience was concerned with the Monster character, over that of the Baron.

By the time of Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed (1969), the Baron had become quite crazed in his fanatical pursuits. Freddie Jones appears as the end result of the devious Baron’s latest brain-surgery labours, and finishes up dragging the screaming Baron into a blazing mansion. With brain transplants being the basic theme, the Baron’s Monster appeared merely bald and with a crude scar forming a ragged sort of skull-cap. By way of similarity, Dave Provis’s Monster for Jimmy Sangster’s Horror of Frankenstein (1970) also shows up as a bald-domed character, but the jagged scars were minimal and the body was discreetly swathed in bandages. This one was about the weakest entry in the Hammer series, appearing to have been shot on a most modest budget.

Muscleman Dave Provis was the only actor to play a Hammer Frankenstein Monster twice, his second stint being in Fisher’s anxiously-awaited Frankenstein and the Monster From Hell (1973). This film showed some of the most detailed experiments by the Baron ever seen in a Hammer film, maybe excepting Curse of Frankenstein. The Monster was a large, shaggy ‘being’, something like a grotesque Abominable Snowman. Sadly, however, it seemed to have very little to do, making this Hammer Frankenstein sequel rather an uneventful last production to date.

Frankenstein: The True Story, first telecast in 1973, featured Michael Sarrazin as the Monster; initially quite a handsome young man but later deteriorating into a decomposing corpse. The film, however, remained remarkably true to Shelley’s events, and is one of the most well-made productions on the theme. Mel Brooks’ Young Frankenstein, was a superb send-up of the 1930’s Universal Frankenstein movies, with a splendidly paranoid Gene Wilder playing Frankenstein and Peter Boyle portraying the confused Monster. Boyle, along with Karloff, was brought into demand by filmmakers somewhat on the strength of his role in Young Frankenstein; maybe in another few decades of Frankenstein Monsters there will be a new acting-talent discovery.

All manner of Monsters will come and go, hotly pursued by mad-doctors, crazed-scientists, and frustrated brain-surgeons, but none will ever border on the creations of Universal and Hammer. Who do we have to thank for its existence: Karloff’s portrayal under James Whale’s direction for Universal based on the story of Mary Shelley?
In life there is no final resolution. In books and films, the words 'the end' only signify a summing up of events at a particular point in a character's life. Great characters in literature and film exist beyond the limited space between book covers or the span of two hours on the screen.

No character in recent years has made such an indelible impression on the film-going public as Regan, the young girl whose soul was possessed and whose body was inhabited by a demon. At the end of the incredibly successful The Exorcist, Father Karras had exorcised the demon from Regan, but there still existed unresolved questions about how her future life would be affected by the extraordinary and terrifying events that had occurred.

The Exorcist II: The Heretic is the story of the still-surfacing effects of the demon's possession on Regan's mind and how she continues to be haunted by the repressed phenomenon.

"In The Exorcist, Regan was possessed by an evil force, which was trying to destroy her. In Exorcist II: The Heretic, it is the forces of good and evil which are struggling for supremacy within her," director John Boorman explains.

The Devil's Own

"If the force of good wins out, Regan will emerge as an extraordinary person who is herself capable of great healing powers and points the way to the future evolution of the human spirit.

"We will be dealing with Evil as a palpable force. It is not a negative thing. It is not merely an omission; it is not anxieties and difficulties and misfortunes. Evil is pervasive and perverting. Only if we're prepared to look it in the face and name it, can we oppose it. That's what Exorcist II is saying. There is an acheing need for a return to the spirit. We're coming to an end of a period of materialism, where a sense of ethics has been lost."

In the film, synchronised hypnosis is the device that brings mysticism and science together and helps minds come into rapport with each other. Minds come together in a spirit of goodness, pointing a way out of the agonies that have embroiled humanity through the ages, giving strength to combat the pervasive forces of evil.

In Exorcist II: The Heretic, Regan is unable to remember any of the strange and terrifying events that caused her so much pain, but she is haunted by strange voices and images. She is troubled by recurrent nightmares. Yet, as she is about to leave childhood and become a woman, she is aware of an extraordinary power to perform good and to help other people. Her presence simultaneously disturbs and calms the people she meets.

Linda Blair, who made her film debut at fifteen as Regan in The Exorcist, has been the recipient of more fan mail than any other motion picture star in the history of Warner Bros. In Exorcist II: The Heretic, she will repeat her role.

Although she had had only minor experience as an actress before she was cast in "The Exorcist," Linda earned an Academy Award nomination for her performance of what certainly must be the most physically and psychologically demanding part ever written for a child actress.

In Exorcist II: The Heretic, a darkening cloud of disrepute is gathering over the writings and life of the late Father Lankester Merrin, who died exorcising Regan. The words 'heresy' and 'satanism' are being linked with his name. Only if the exorcism can be verified will his name be cleared and his papers published by the Vatican.
Richard Burton co-stars as Father Philip Lamont, who is sent to investigate the exorcism.

The role of Dr. Tuskin, a psychiatrist, who is treating Regan and fears that Merrin's exorcism had actually complicated her emotional problems, was originally written for a man. However, when no suitable male star was available, co-producer Richard Lederer and director-co-producer John Boorman decided that the role might take on even added dimension if played by a woman. Without any script rewriting, the script was submitted to Louise Fletcher (of Gnecko's Nest fame), who immediately accepted.

Recreating his role of Father Merrin in special flashback sequences is Max von Sydow, who, viewers of The Exorcist will remember, died while trying to save Regan's mind and body from the demonic possession.

Also recreating her role from The Exorcist is Kitty Winn. As Sharon, Regan's mother's secretary, she is left in charge of the young girl while her mother is on location filming a movie in Ireland. She is frightened as she notices disturbing behaviour patterns in Regan. Sharon is caught between wanting to help Regan and being repulsed by the strange atmosphere that seems to engulf the young girl's life.

Rounding out the cast of star performers is James Earl Jones, who play Kokumo, an African, who had been as a child the subject of an earlier exorcism by Father Merrin. He now possesses the secret of power over the demon who had inhabited his body.

'Exorcist II: The Heretic' is directed by John Boorman, who was nominated for an Academy Award as Best Director for his work on 'Deliverance.'

Although several characters in Exorcist II: The Heretic are based on those created by William Peter Blatty in his best-selling novel and screenplay for The Exorcist and there are references to events in the earlier film, the story and screenplay for Exorcist II: The Heretic was written by relative newcomer William Goodhart.

'In Exorcist II: The Heretic, we travel the frontiers of film,' John Boorman says. 'We will use practically every variation of special effects technique to make it a film that leads the audience into the unknown territory of the mind and into strange worlds they have never before encountered. There will be the demon, and we will walk the corridors of Hell. It's a journey into the spirit, We will reach out to touch the darkest unconscious of the audience. The movie will submerge the audience in a world of dreams and nightmares.'

A Richard Lederer Prod./John Boorman Film


In his continuing look back at the Golden Age of Horror Films in the order they first appeared on the British screen, film historian Denis Gifford now looks at 1934, the year Karloff turned down an unusual role, and gave Claude Rains an opportunity to appear — (or disappear?) — as THE INVISIBLE MAN.
It was a wild and stormy evening at Robert Von Hellsdorf’s old castle... So began Chapter One of Secret of the Blue Room as adapted by an anonymous Amalgamated Press hackster for their popular weekly story paper, Boy’s Cinema.

How Erich Philippi opened his original novel, upon which the Universal Picture was based, I do not know—any more than I know how Mr Philippi reacted to the AP rewrite. But the Boy’s Cinema word-picture of Baron Von Hellsdorf—“He was a broad-shouldered man, clean-shaven, square of jaw, and possessing eyes of steely blue”—immediately conjures up the image of one actor. Lionel Atwill was consolidating his position as third man in the 1933 horror hierarchy by starring in the first horror film released in 1934.

Film Weekly, understandably, thought less of the film than Boy’s Cinema: “One of those murder mystery stories depending for their effect on secret passages, sudden alarms, hanging window shutters, muffled figures, etc., etc. Well done of its type, but decidedly reminiscent of 365 or so similar pictures in the same category” (19 January 1934).

The story hinged on the several suitors of lovely Irene Von Hellsdorf (Gloria Stuart), taking it in turns to dare the death that befell all who slept in the cursed Blue Room. The ultimate denouement explained all as the machinations of a madman. Traditional stuff, true, but well played by such as Paul Lukas and Edward Arnold, and certainly superior to either of its subsequent retreads: The Missing Guest (1938) and Murder in the Blue Room (1944).

The following week the ‘old dark house’ was dusted off again for Before Dawn, which Film Weekly greeted as ‘A fairly entertaining creepy-creepy thriller of mystery and murder in an old mansion house.’ Although no more than a B-picture, this one had a lot going for it in its packed hour. It was written by Edgar Wallace, the old mystery master’s last and the film script he had completed for Radio Pictures between rewrite assignments on King Kong.

Supernatural

Directed by Irving Pichel, it starred Warner Oland, the former Charlie Chan, as the evil Dr Cornelius: a somewhat confusing return to his old image, considering Charlie Chan’s Greatest Case was released to a rival circuit the same week! And, as a welcome twist, the supernatural was taken seriously. Instead of the usual last scene exposure, the medium of the piece actually went into a trance and solved the murder: perhaps because she was played by the heroine, Dorothy Wilson.

More serious treatment of the supernatural was shown in the very same week in a film called, appropriately enough, Supernatural. Carole Lombard, later better known for her light touch, starred as Roma Courtney, whose body was taken over by the spirit of Ruth Rogen (Vivienne Osborne), an electrocuted murderess. Her subsequent attempts to carry out the departed’s last wish—the murder of her ex-lover—formed, the body of the plot, much to the distress of handsome Randolph Scott. H. B. Warner was Dr Houston, the scientist responsible for the experiment, and the Halperin Brothers were Victor and Edward, the director and producer responsible for the picture. Which may answer Film Weekly’s distress: ‘Why this would-be blood-curdler was ever made must remain one of Paramount’s secrets’ (2 February 1934). That magazine was more comfortable with the lighter treatment accorded the supernatural in Turn Back the Clock, a March release from MGM with Lee Tracy. As Joe he is hit on the head, relives his past, uses his knowledge of the future to make a fortune, then wakes up in hospital to find it was all a dream and he is.

Lugosi and Karloff in Universal’s The Black Cat (1934). This was the first of seven films the two masters of the macabre teamed up in. Unfortunately the plot didn’t live up to its star cast.
Schoedsack directed Son of Kong for RKO. Silly but fun. Disappointing follow-up to original. Above shoes Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong facing the simian offspring.

still married to homely Mae Clarke.

Two major works on the supernatural came, by coincidence, in the week of April 6th. Berkeley Square from Fox was a convincing romantic fantasy via John L. Balderston’s play, sending Leslie Howard back a hundred years into the shoes of his own ancestor. Although the transportation was accompanied by traditional horror-film thunder, Balderston’s theory was straightforwardly explained. ‘Time is purely relative; the past still exists, although we cannot normally see it stretched out, as it is, behind us.’

Another successful stage play was the source of Death Takes a Holiday. Paramount made this version of Alberto Casella’s fantasy, perhaps as atonement for Supernatural. Fredric March, the ex-Doctor Jekyll, played Prince Sirki, alias the Angel of Death. He came to earth in top hat and tails to find out why mortals feared him—and for three days nobody died. When he returned to whence he came, he took with him both new understanding and Evelyn Venable. ‘Is it entertainment or isn’t it?’ asked Film Weekly at the end of a long review. ‘The film is, at any rate, something quite out of the ordinary. It may prove impressive—to those who don’t analyse it too closely—by the sheer daring of its complete departure from normality.’

1934 was a good year for departure from normality. No scientist departed more from normality than Dr Jack Griffin, who injected himself with monocane and suffered the extraordinary consequences; no film departed more from normality than James Whale’s depiction of that experiment, The Invisible Man.

Invisible Problems

Everything was abnormal by cinematic standards; not only did the leading role go to an unknown, he was the film star you could not see. Only in virtually the last frame of the film did Claude Rains’ face appear—and then he was dead in bed and you had to turn your head sideways to see him! The stills for the film were equally mysterious. Either Rains appeared wrapped in bandages like Karloff’s mummy in a lounge suit, or they showed terrified citizens cowering away from a thin white line. ‘It should be explained’, said Film Weekly in a preview page on October 6th 1933 (the build-up began early), ‘that the outlined figure of the Invisible Man in the accompanying pictures does not appear in the film, but has been inserted to emphasize the point of the illustrations.’ Not too tough a trick for the technicians in Universal’s stills department: the hard work was actually directing an Invisible Man, directing nobody, nothing, a unique task which ideally suited the unique talent of James Whale.

‘I was faced with the problem of picturing on the screen someone whom the audience could not see. It was all very well to film the scene without the actor, but I knew that I had in some way to let the audience know clearly that the actor was there all the time, although he was invisible. Therefore I had to devise bits of “business” so that the audience should know where the man was, what he was doing, and so on. In one scene I made
him sit in a rocking chair, so that by the movements of the chair the audience would realise he was sitting there, although there was no sign of his presence. I showed the seat of the chair sagging slightly as he sat down. Then, when his voice became more confidential, I had the chair move a few inches towards the other person, as though the Invisible Man had drawn it closer for more intimate conversation. In one scene he takes a cigarette, lights it, and puffs out the smoke, although on the screen the cigarette appears suspended in the air, and no man is to be seen. I was virtually making inanimate objects 'act' for the man, and it took much ingenuity to make the scenes seem natural.'

**Visible Effects**

Whale was giving an interview to J. E. Arnold of *Film Weekly* (January 19th 1934), and although one of the lengthiest ever published on Whale, the director was careful not to be too explicit on the tricks he devised with special effects expert John P. Fulton. (He was also careful not to name him.)

'Much of the trick work depended on the old principle used by stage conjurers—the fact that if a man completely covered in a black suit stands in front of a dead black background, then he is invisible to the audience. A development of this method which we devised was a kind of facial makeup which, when photographed under special lighting, blended with the background and thus became invisible. We also made use of the system by which a background can be printed on to a picture, and thus we were able to give the appearance of being able to see the background through a place where, actually, Claude Rains was standing. In many cases retouching on the film had to be employed. Men with tiny brushes worked through microscopes, adding touches to every single picture in the thousands of feet of film, and eliminating details which even the camera had not been able to overcome. This work cost hundreds of pounds, and demanded such close application that the men could not work at it for more than about two hours at a time.'

Small wonder *The Invisible Man* had taken so long to complete. Indeed, even longer than the lengthy post-shooting period was the gestation period which, as has been noted, dated back to Universal publicity announcements in 1932. The film was originally intended as a follow-up to *Frankenstein* but, as James Whale remarked at the press preview, 'Even when he was invisible Boris Karloff looked like Frankenstein!' At this launching luncheon in London Whale was even more revealing about the background of *The Invisible Man*: perhaps he felt safe on his home ground, so far away from Universal City.

*Film Weekly*'s editor, Herbert Thompson, was at that lunch, and took delight in taking notes: 'He said that when the film was assigned to him he was given strict instructions not to read the book 'as it was lousy'. H. G. Wells, who was present at the reception, roared with laughter. Then when Whale suggested to his superiors that he would prefer to make the story Mr Wells had written in preference to the 'free transcription' scenarios submitted, he was told, 'What can Wells know about films? He's never even been to Hollywood!' As to the insertion of a love interest involving contract star Gloria Stuart, Whale commented: 'Fortunately the other long-contract star, Lew Ayres, was out on loan to Fox, or we might have had to write a young hero part, too.'

H. G. Wells, who had already had a go at Hollywood in the same fan paper, *Stories the Screen Has Ruined* (January 12th), was, however, pretty pleased with Whale's end-product. 'Here I do find my narrative sequences respected and the interest gathered together and brought to a climax in competent story-telling style. That is, I suppose, because the synopsis was made by Mr R. C. Sherriff, himself a competent dramatist and story-teller. I am told that Mr Sherriff's
character stars in Hollywood.

The originality of *The Invisible Man* proved that horror films needed novelty, a lesson which even Universal would forget in time. The several sequels they would produce, each less exciting, less amusing, than the last, might have been avoided had they taken a lesson from their rivals, Radio. For June saw the release of Merian C. Cooper’s successor to his sensation of the previous year, a whipped-up cash-in called *Son of Kong*. Same plot (almost), same east (almost), same production team (almost), same monsters (almost)—but nowhere near the same success (not even almost). With Kong junior played purely for laughs (always a distressing tendency of Willis O’Brien’s, dating back to his silent prehistoricals), all *Film Weekly* could say for it was ‘Children will probably like *Son of Kong* better than adults, for the treatment is juvenile and the appeal very naive.’ Only the British censor disagreed. He gave the ape an ‘A’ Certificate: like father, like son!

**Macabre Team-Up**

In the spring of the year the gossip columns had been thick with news about ‘the first Horror Team in screen history’. Universal, of course, was the studio involved, and following the traditional Hollywood practice of doubling up on their box-office bets, the stars they had paired were Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. Three vehicles were announced for horrordom’s answer to Laurel and Hardy: *The Black Cat* by Edgar Allan Poe, *The Suicide Club* by Robert Louis Stevenson, and *The Return of Frankenstein*, author indeterminate. The British film fan might be forgiven for concluding that none of them were made, but no fact the second ultimately surfaced via MGM as *Trouble for Two* (the two were not Karloff and Lugosi but Montgomery and Russell—Robert and Rosalind!), the third as *Bride of Frankenstein* (with Karloff and Ernest Thesiger, or Elsa Lanchester, replacing Lugosi), and the first as *The House of Doom* (with, amazingly enough, Karloff and Lugosi). ‘Monstrously Mysterious’ was the catch-line they created when the film opened at the Empire, Leicester Square, that August. ‘Magnificently Mirth-quaking’ was the slogan for the supporting picture, Robertson Hare in *Are You a Mason?* Another catch-phrase, quoted by *Film Weekly*, was ‘It’s Tremendous!’ ‘Let’s leave it at that’ wrote critic John Gamme in the conclusion of the confession. He had tried to make sense of the mish-mash of mystery in a lengthy review and failed utterly. As is now known, Edgar G. Ulmer, author and director, suffered interference from both studio chiefs and censors, who all excised sequences from his curiously original affair of Devil worship and other necrophiliac activities. But even were such snippets restored, one wonders whether Gamme’s verdict would be changed: ‘It will be a very astute filmgoer indeed who will be able to make head or tail of the story.’

Columbia, a quickie studio at the time, now weighed in with their somewhat belated entry for the horror stakes. *The Ninth Guest*, reviewed October 12th, was reckoned to be ‘well produced and full of suspense, but the horrors are laid on a little too thickly. The result is massacre rather than murder, and you may find it too gruesome for your taste.’ Donald Cook and Geneviève Tobin starred in this ‘Ten Little Niggers’ tale of a macabre murderer inviting eight people to dinner: ‘The ninth guest is death.’

Christmas was celebrated with the usual surplus: no fewer than three chillers chased each other around the suburbs. *House of Mystery* was an early effort from Monogram, directed by the already veteran William Nigh. Equally ancient was the plot, that of an explorer suffering the Curse of Kali for making off with not only an idol’s sacred jewels but also a High Priest’s favourite maenad girl. Revenge in the form of an outsize ape duly visits itself upon his home and family.

*The Witching Hour* came from Paramount, a silent film favourite remade by a new talent, Henry Hathaway. John Halliday played a slightly psychic gambler who mesmerised young Tom Brown into committing murder. And finally, from First National, a B-feature reworking of the Edgar Wallace mystery that had initiated the genre of the Horror Film just six years before: *The Return of the Terror*. Which is where we came in back in *House of Hammer 2!*
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Witchfinder General

The Guardian talked of "gratifying connection" to Diby Powell of the Sunday Times it was "puzzlingly amusing"; to Margaret F推出的 of the Sunday Telegraph called it a "stunning extravaganza". John Russell Taylor in The Times wrote: "The ending of the film has an abruptness and intensity unlike anything else in the British cinema." Witchfinder General ends with the central character being hanged to death with an axe and having one of his eyes kicked out.

The film tells us that in 1655, the Civil War is tearing England apart and law has collapsed. Matthew Hopkins, the son of a Suffolk minister, leads a force of 30 men through East Anglia, seeking out suspected witches, singing hymns and muttering them. He's the self-styled Witchfinder General.

The story has its roots in fact. In a time when the average wage was six old pence a day, Hopkins earned up to £5 for visiting a village. In his short career, he is recorded to have made about £100. One contemporary wrote that Hopkins and his huntsmen John Steane and William Neale infected people to the gallows in fourteen months; the other English witch-hunters had managed in the preceding 100 years. Michael Reeves's film was based on a fictionalized biography by Ronald Graves; it starred Vincent Price in the title role.

The General Plot

Richard Marshall is a young and comparatively innocent Roundhead. After killing his first enemy soldier, he rides home to Devon to visit his sweetheart Sara. She is the niece of John Lowes, the elderly owner of Beauford, Suffolk. (The village seen in the film is Framingham.) The action is set in 1655, the year after the Battle of Dunbar.

As a matter of historical fact, at the 1656 Suffolk sessions in Bury St. Edmunds, John Lowes, the 72-year-old pony of Bury St. Edmunds, was tried for witchcraft. He had confessed after a goings-on with a team of Matthew Hopkins' assistants. According to Bishop Thomas Upham, they kept Lowes awake several nights together, and ran him backwards and forwards about the room until he was out of breath. Then they put him a little and ran him again. And thus they did for several days and nights together; he was weary of his life and was scarce sensible of what he said or did.

Lowes confessed he had conversed with the devil, seduced females and bewitched cattle. He later retracted his confession and, not allowed a idlerman, retired the funeral service for himself as he walked to the scaffold.

John Steane (Robert Scourfield) and Matthew Hopkins (Vincent Price) are stopped by Horsemen's as they are of Beauford, Suffolk, surround the suspected witches.
The real Matthew Hopkins' methods were to deprive victims of food and sleep and to run them around a room so that their feet blistered. Few took more than five days to confess.

In the movie, his methods are more direct, far more horrifying. Director Michael Reeves defended his film by saying: 'Violence is horrible, degrading and sordid. It should be presented as such—and the more people it shocks into sickened recognition of these facts the better.'

British film censor John Trevelyan knew Reeves personally and accepted the director's good intentions. But, Trevelyan argued, 'The film gave the impression that it was exploiting violence, and in particular sadism, for commercial reasons.' He said that he had never known background music to heighten violence so significantly. (Composer Paul Ferris appears as the 'young husband' in the film).

The movie was cut extensively by the British censors. They removed four minutes of what they called 'excesses of sadistic brutality'. Reeves resisted the censorship vigorously and refused to take part in the cutting. But, when he saw the result, he told
Trevelyan that the film had not been harmed nearly as much as he had expected.

America’s Daily Cinema wrote of the censored end-result: ‘Rarely has so much blood been seen to flow, such a variety of torture been practised or so many hangings been carried out before the camera.’ Victims are dunked in the moat and roasted on the bonfire.

When Richard (Ian Ogilvy, who had starred in Reeves’ other two films and is now the TV Saint) hears of the events at Brandeston, he rides there to find Lowes dead and Sara cowering and defiled in the desecrated church. Hopkins and Stearne are already far away.

Richard marries Sara and swears total vengeance. When Hopkins deserts his assistant Stearne in the face of Army opposition, Stearne too is out for blood. Hopkins continues burning witches without assistance for a while. But then he reunites with Stearne and, knowing Richard is trying to hunt them down, they frame both him and Sara as witches.

The most famous scene in Witchfinder General (and one of the most famous sequences in recent horror films) is the ending. The final two minutes.

Richard and Sara are held captive by Hopkins and are ‘interrogated’ but refuse to confess. Just as some of his army colleagues burst into the prison, Richard breaks free in an attempt to prevent the torture of Sara, bound face-down on a table. In a frenzy, Richard picks up an axe and starts to ruthlessly and systematically hack Hopkins to pieces. Aghast at the butchery, one of the soldiers (played by Nicky Henson, now 008 of the Secret Service) shoots the dying witchfinder. Richard, his mind gone, screams, ‘You took him away from me!’

In the silent room, Sara starts to scream and scream. After intercut shots of empty corridors and staircases with the screams echoing along them, the camera cuts back to Sara’s demented, screaming face. The frame freezes. The credits roll.

The sequence was edited like this due to a mistake. On the final day of shooting, a continuity problem arose related to scenes which had already been filmed. In the script, Nicky Henson was supposed to shoot both Vincent Price and Ian Ogilvy. But he only had a single flintlock pistol. This had been established in previous scenes. So he could only shoot one person. Reeves decided:

‘All right, just shoot Vincent and I’ll get Ian to scream and shout and go mad and freeze frame on Hilary Dwyer screaming.’

In the original book the hero (called Ralph Margery) hangs Hopkins at the end. He has not been ‘framed’ by the witchfinder—and his wife is not present. There were changes to the film as a whole.

In the US, Witchfinder General was released as Edgar Allan Poe’s The Conqueror Worm (named after a line from one of his poems). Prologue and epilogue narrations were added to justify the title change.

The real Matthew Hopkins? He died of consumption in his bed in 1647. Although some contemporary rumours said he had been thrown into a river and sank—a sign that he was a witch.

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WITCHFINDER GENERAL (1968)
Vincent Price (as Matthew Hopkins), Ian Ogilvy (Richard Marshall), Hilary Dwyer (Sara), Rupert Davies (John Lowes), Robert Russell (John Stearne), Patrick Wymark (Oliver Cromwell), Wilfred Brambell (Master Coach), Michael Beint (Captain Gordon), Nicky Henson (Trooper Swallow), John Tresman (Trooper Harcourt), William Maxwell (Trooper Gifford), Tony Selby (Sather), Beaufoy Milton (Priest), John Kidd (1st Magistrate), Peter Haigh (2nd Magistrate).


Time: 87 mins. Cert X.
Welcome to Blood City

Since 2001, Welcome To Blood City must surely be the most thought-provoking, the most complex and the most beautiful science fiction film made.

Because of its complexities, to outline the story in a review is not an easy task, so bear with us...

Five men and a girl, Martine, (Hollis McLaren), find themselves near a desert, not remembering who they are or where they come from. In their anonymous attires, they find an I.D. that tells them their names plus the fact they are all... murderers!

After a meeting with some outlaws, who kill one of the men and rape Martine, they meet Frendlander (Jack Palance), the local Marshall, who introduces them to his town.

Blood City is a Western-like town peopled only by Citizens (who all wear a black uniform displaying a red cross with a number on it) and... Slaves. Frendlander, of course, wears the Silver Cross of the Law. If a newcomer chooses to become a Slave, he is picked up—after an auction—by a Citizen and is entitled to some form of legal protection. It is a form of survival. If he chooses to go for citizenship, he has to kill a citizen to take his place. Not a simple feat when only Citizens are allowed to bear weapons, and when newcomers are fair game to them...

One of the newcomers, Lewis (Keir Dullea), decides to try it. In the town, he meets the local Dentist, Flint (Ken James) who invites him to the Saloon and taunts him. After an incident, Flint declares that he has been provoked by Lewis—which gives him the right to kill him. Cornered by Flint and his bodyguards, Lewis is prepared to die when, suddenly, a rifle appears near his hand. He shoots and kills Flint, watched by the mysterious Saloon Owner, Katherine (Samantha Eggar).

Katherine is, in reality, watching Lewis from another place: a Computer Centre where she and another Scientist, Lyle (John Evans), manipulate and program all events that happen in Blood City. People like Lewis, Frendlander etc. are, in fact, lying at the Center, plugged into a Computer that literally 'creates' Blood City in their minds, as another reality which can be altered by Katherine or Lyle (as in the rifle’s appearance) or into which they can program themselves!

The purpose of this Center is to find and test a certain type of person, a KillMaster, a sort of Super-Soldier for a war that rages in the world outside. In 'real life', Lewis and Frendlander—an actual KillMaster—are only a Student and a University Dean.

However, Katherine falls in love with Lewis, and programs her 'double' to act accordingly. But Lyle, jealous, decides to program some new parameters to put Lewis into some new
troubles. Such as . . .

The girl, Martine, is going to be sold as a slave to a Citizen called Gellor (Chris Wiggins). Lewis wishes to help her and is going to challenge Gellor. But suddenly they learn that Martine has been taken by the outlaws (a counter-programming move from Katherine). In the ensuing argument, Freundlander kills Gellor and goes with Lewis to deliver the girl. In the following fight, Katherine, now jealous of Martine, kills her and, angry at Lewis for this ‘betrayal’, arranges a duel between him and Freundlander. Lewis tries to flee but wherever he goes, Katherine has programmed Freundlander to follow. But Freundlander rebels against the programming and, remembering his former peaceful personality, kills himself. Now furious about being thwarted, Katherine arranges another ‘incident’ in which one of Lewis’ friends from the beginning shoots him to become a Citizen . . . as he shot Flint!

But Lyle had complained to the Supervisor (Barry Morse—still trying to live down SPACE 1999) who decides that Katherine has committed an infraction. He decides to have Lewis ‘unplugged’ and promoted to Kill-Master.

While he and Samantha argue, Lewis wakes up in his cell and discovers the reality: the war outside, the fact that the people he ‘killed’ in Blood city did not die but are playing endlessly their last gesture in the Centre, and the fake that is Blood City. Then, he makes his choice.

And when the Supervisor and Katherine come back, they find Lewis plugged back into Blood City where he appears, galloping on a white horse, Freundlander’s Silver Cross on his chest . . .

A little bit difficult, isn’t it? But so coherent! Coherence is the word. It reminded me of Patrick McGoohan’s PRISONER serial: everything fits.
down to the smallest thing, an abundance of details, never gratuitous though they do not contribute directly to the story line (afterwards, it makes the spectator realize that a lot of thinking went into—and around—the story; more than was shown.)

WELCOME TO BLOOD CITY, to me, is one of the greatest SF films ever. Why? Well, it has EVERYTHING: a strong, interesting story; appealing characters, good acting, beautiful photography and nice music. And even humour in all the cliché western scenes—the duel, the chase, etc—where Jack Palance plays outstandingly the role of ... Jack Palance! WELCOME TO BLOOD CITY is fascinating. Fascinating on many levels: the ‘western’ one—Blood City—and the ‘real’ one—the Computer Centre. Fascinating because of the interplay between the characters. Fascinating because it feels like one of Philip K. Dick’s novels, where reality falls apart.

Although Peter Sasdy’s first films (Countess Dracula, and Hands Of The Ripper) showed promises—and had signs of research—I must confess that I had been disappointed by his latest one I DON’T WANT TO BE BORN. BLOOD CITY shows that he has more than fulfilled our hopes. It is an accomplished work, and will certainly become a classic of the genre.

WELCOME TO BLOOD CITY
Jack Palance (as Frendlander), Keir Dullea (Lewis), Samantha Eggar (Katherine), Barry Morse (Supervisor), Hollis McLaren (Martine), Chris Wiggins (Gellor), Henry Razer (Chumley), Allan Royale (Peter).
Directed by Peter Sasdy, Produced by Marilyn Stonehouse, Screenplay by Stephen Schneck and Michael Winder, Music Roy Budd, Editor Keith Palmer, Technicolor, an EMI/Len Herbertman production, Distributed by EMI.
Time: 96 mins  Cert: AA
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HOUSE OF HAMMER BARGAIN BASEMENT, 1st Floor, Warner House, 135-141 Wardour Street, London W1.
Jim Danforth and producer Aida Young. Lower foreground of picture showing muddy landscape with rocky pool is actually a “glass shot”. That is, a painting on glass, fixed in position directly in front of the camera lens, thus saving space, time and money otherwise needed to find (or create) a suitable landscape. Middle section (behind Young with mountainous range) is the animation table. Here Danforth places his dinosaur models. Back section (behind Danforth) is rear projection screen showing a single frame from the already shot live-action footage. When Danforth has positioned his dinosaur, one single frame of combined animation/live action film is shot (at such an angle that the gaps between glass/table/back projection screen cannot be seen). Remember that for one single second of finished film that you see in the cinema, there are actually 24 fractionally different exposures made! Above right, Danforth with model crab on animation table. Below left, Roger Dicken, special effects assistant, producer Young and models are made. Below right, While Danforth supervises, Dicken adds a Danforth look over sketches, before pterodactyl.

This issue's Answer Desk section is dedicated to Jim Danforth's excellent special effects work on Hammer's When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth (1969), and the readers who requested the coverage: Andrew Sproit of London SE27, Greg McCallum of Cardiff, Virgil Robson of Dundee, Mike Smyth and Ann Fitton of Teddington, Middx., Dave Shaw of London W12, Amelia Atwill of Bellerose, New York, and 'The Friday Fantasy Film Club'.
In old Japan, ghosts and demons were taken very seriously. People sought the services of demon-hunters, from whom sprang many legends. This is my version of the such legend of the famous Raiko, and how he faced...

Good sir, I implore you to help me — our town is plagued by a devil!

Each night he haunts the temple gate, and we beat his any who pass. His attacks my messengers, destroys my goods...

Raiko had been summoned to the house of Ibaraki, a wealthy merchant...

The townsfolk are distraught with fear... mothers are terrified for their children, there is no peace...

Please say you will help... You will be amply rewarded!

Raiko looked around with disdain at the merchant's trophies...

Trophies of war, paid for with gold rather than blood...

And so, that night, beneath a full moon, Raiko and his faithful lieutenant, Tsannu, stood guard at the temple gate...

A temple courtyard by moonlight — is it not beautiful, master?

very well... I will fight your demon. The only reward I ask is the sword you wear at your side.

My sword? Ah, you drive a hard bargain, but if it means peace for our town... I agree!

Beautiful, yes — and dangerous! Step into the shadows, Tsannu — you are in full view!
RAIKO LOOKED AROUND HIM, STUDYING THE TERRAIN IN VIEW OF A POSSIBLE ATTACK THE MOON BEGAN TO SINK...

THE NIGHT WAS STILL - A LEANWIND FELL UPON HIM - HIS EYELIDS GREW HEAVY...

NEXT MOMENT, HE WAS SEIZED IN A GRIP OF ICE!

AT THE DEMON'S UNEarthY TOUCH, RAIKO FELT A CHILL TO HIS VERY SOUL, HE MOVED AS IF IN A DREAM... ALMOST LOSING HIS GRIP ON LIFE ITSELF...

BUT BLINDLY, INSTINCTIVELY, HIS HAND REACHED TO HIS SIDE AND GRASPED THE HILT OF HIS SWORD...

TSANNU BROKE COVER THIRTY YARDS AWAY - THERE WAS NO TIME TO THINK...

SCREAMING IN RAGE AND PAIN, THE DEMON LEAPT THE GATE...

AND WAS GONE!

AND FIRED!

CHONK!

NO SOONER HAD THE WORDS FLED ON HIS LIPS WHEN RAIKO WAS GRIPPED AGAIN! BUT NOW IT WAS THE DEMON'S SIFTERED HAND THAT CURLED IT'S FINGERS AROUND HIS THROAT!

TSANNU! TSANNU!

FLY, SPAWN OF EVIL. NEXT TIME MY BLADE WILL FIND YOUR HEART!

AND FIRED!

A WORTHY SHOT TSANNU, AS EVER YOUR AIM IS JUST AS TRUE AS YOUR HEART...

MISTER, LOOK - A TRAIL OF BLOOD - LEADING BACK INTO THE TOWN!
They followed the trail of blood that continued in the light of the breaking dawn...

"It's leading us straight to Baroki's house!"

And where it leads, we must follow!

Inside, they found the merchant cowering in a corner - a gibbering wreck!

Don't let it get me! Gah! Please, don't let it get me! I need someone, help!

"Shanu! Search the house and be careful! I'll see to our friend here!"

"Who is this? Can that be you, Raiko?"

The next moment, all hell broke loose as Raiko found himself surrounded by demons - all armed to the teeth!

Cut him down! He is one - we are many! Cut him down!

But these were demons he was used to! His sword struck like lightning - then moved on to strike again!

A howling sound once, twice - two demons fell dying, a look of surprise still on their faces!

But a bowstring sang, once, twice - two demons fell dying, a look of surprise still on their faces!

The battle was short, but intense. As the last opponent fell, Raiko dropped to his knees, exhausted...

Not noticing a shadowy figure behind him...

Perhaps, some sixth sense gave him warning - some sign or sound that registered only on the periphery of his mind...
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(May 1976)
“Dracula” (Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, 1958, Paul Neary, 21pp);  
“Kronos, Vampire Hunter” (new story, characters from Hammer film of 1973, Ian Gibson, 5pps);  
“Voodoo Vengeance” (Van Hel sing’s Terror Tales, Angus McKie, 3pps).
Christopher Lee—The Man Behind The Monster; Lee Filmography (1947-1976, films, books, records, TV, radio, opera); Phantom of the Paradise/Brian De Palma’s films; Captain Kronos—Vampire Hunter (film recap); Jose Marins/Brazilian Horror; Effectively Speaking (John Brosnan on Jack Pierce, Ken Strickfaden, John P. Fulton—1930s & 1940s make-up and special effects in horror movies); Drinkers of Blood—Stealers of Souls (vampire films feature, Nosferatu to Vampira).

HOUSE OF HAMMER 2  
(June 1976)
“Curse of Frankenstein” Part One (Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, 1957, Alberto Cuyas, 10pps);  
“Kronos” (Part Two of follow-up to film, Ian Gibson, 5pps);  
“Highway of Hell” (Van Helsing Terror Tale, Brian Lewis, 3pps).

House of Hammer 3  
(July 1976)
“Curse of Frankenstein” (conclusion, Cuyas, 10pps);  
“Kronos” (conclusion, Ian Gibson, 5pps);  
“Swamp Fever” (Van Helsing’s Terror Tale, Trev Goring, 3pps).

Werewolf of Washington review;  
Rise and Fall of the Frankenstein Monster (overview of Frankenstein films, 1910-1976);  
Frankenstein Gallery; Lon Chaney Sr;  
The Hollywood Monsters (1950s sf boom) Night of the Living Dead review.

HOUSE OF HAMMER 7  
(February 1977)
“Twins of Evil” (Peter Cushing, 1971), Blas Gallego, 18pps;  
“Van Helsing’s History of Horror—The Werewolf” (Dave Gibbons).

The Devil’s Men; 1932: Karloff as the Frankenstein Monster; The Omen; Daughters of the Night (female vampires in the cinema);  
Fan Scene (Collecting movie magazines and film books);  
Favourite Things (best effects, creatures and shock moments in movies).

HOUSE OF HAMMER 8  
(April 1977)
“The Quatermass Xperiment” Part One (Brian Donlevy, Richard Wordworth, 1955, Brian Lewis, 5pps);  
“Shandor: Demon Stalker” (spin-off from hero—Andrew Keir—of Dracula Prince of Darkness, John Bolton, 6pps);  
“Midnight Coach” (Terror Tale, Joe Colquhoun, 3pps).

Dracula, Father & Son (Lee in French film, review). New Kong review; Dr Jekyll & Mr Hyde (1931);  
Fan Scene (Collecting film posters); Requiem For A Vampire (review);  
Hammer Science Fiction (overview & checklist); Black Lagoon & Curse of Cat People colour posters.

In The Footsteps of Hitchcock (De Palma interview); Carrie review; Seizure review; The Quatermass Story, Squirm review;  
Living Dead At The Manchester Morgue review; The Original King Kong; Fan Scene (Collecting film stills).
Quatermass 1 and 2 colour GB posters.
HOUSE OF HAMMER 4
(August 1976)

Dracula Society: Creatures From The Deep (undersea monster movies—Black Lagoon, Behemoth, Godzilla, Jaws, Mysterious Island, etc); Mexican Monsters Part One; 1930 Horror Films; Monsters From The East (Japanese and Chinese Horror Films).

HOUSE OF HAMMER 5
(October 1976)

Terrible Monsters (Reptileius, Trolleenberg Terror, Irwin Allen TV fantasy, etc); Bela Lugosi as Dracula: Deranged (review); Mexican Monsters Part Two; Answer Desk Photo-File on Countess Dracula.

HOUSE OF HAMMER 6
(December 1976)

Christopher Lee Portrait Gallery; 1931: Horror Films (Vampyr, Gorilla, Bat Whispers, etc); Blood & Guts (special effects—how they are achieved); The Crazies (Romero’s film reviewed).

HOUSE OF HAMMER 10
(July 1977)
“Curse of the Werewolf” (Oliver Reed, Clifford Evans, Yvonne Romain, 1961, John Bolton, 15pps).

The Sentinel review; Shadowman review, 1932: Karloff as Fu Manchu; Close Encounters of the Third Kind preview feature; Werewolf monster gallery; Kong’s Kind (simian spin-offs, Son of Kong, Joe Young, Planet of Apes ...); Fact File: Curse of the Werewolf; Satan’s Slave review; Stalkers in the Moonlight (werewolves on film feature); Colour Belgian Curse of the Werewolf Poster.

HOUSE OF HAMMER 11
(August 1977)

Burnt Offerings review; Tender Dracula (Cushing as Dracula in French film); 1933: Masters of Menace (White Zombie, Mummy, Rue Morgue, Ghoul, etc); Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger; Wizards preview; Gorgon Fact File; Zoltan—Hound of Dracula review; Harryhausen speaks on horror; Peter Cushing Gallery, Colour US Gorgon poster.

HOUSE OF HAMMER 12
(September 1977)
“The Gorgan” Part Two (conclusion, Cuyas, 10pps); “Demon at the Gates of Dawn” (Terror Tale, Steve Parkhouse, 4pps).

Exorcist 2: The Heretic; Frankenstein on Film (feature on varied appearances); Shudder review; Giant Spider Invasion review; 1934: Invisible Man; Witchfinder General; Welcome to Blood City preview; HoH Index; colour GB Gorgon poster.
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
A HAMMER FILMS production

The Gorgon

Starring
PETER CUSHING • CHRISTOPHER LEE
Also Starring
RICHARD PASCO • BARBARA SHELLEY • MICHAEL GOODLiffe

Screenplay by
JOHN GILLING • J. LLEWELLYN DEVINE
Based on an original story by
Produced by
ANTHONY NELSON KEYS • TERENCE FISHER
Directed by

TECHNICOLOR